Thou haſt redeemed thy loſt opinion,
And ſhewd thou makeſt ſome tender of my life,
In this faire reſcue thou haſt brought to mee.

Prince. O God, they did mee too much iniurie,
That euer ſaid, I hearkned to your death:
If it were ſo, I might haue let alone
The inſulting hand of *Dowglas* ouer you,
Which would haue beene as ſpeedy in your end,
As all the poyſonous potions in the world,
And ſau'd the trecherous labour of your Sonne.

King. Make vp to *Clifton*, Ile to S. *Nicholas Gawſey* *Exit.*

Enter Hotſpur.

Hot. If I miſtake not, thou art *Harry Monmouth?*

Prince. Thou ſpeakſt, as if I would deny my name.

Hot. My name is *Harry Percy.*

Prince. Why then I ſee a very valiant Rebell of that name.
I am the *Prince of Wales*; and thinke not, *Percy*,
To ſhare with mee in glory any more:
Two Starres keepe not their motion in one Sphæare,
Nor can one *England* brooke a double raigne,
Of *Harry Percy*, and the *Prince of Wales.*

Hot. Now ſhall it *Harry*: for the houre is come,
To end the one of vs; and would to God,
Thy name in Armes, were now as great as mine.

Prince. Ile make it greater, ere I part from thee,
And all thy budding Honours on thy Creſt
Ile crop, to make a Garland for my head.

Hot. I can no longer brooke thy vanities.

They fight. *Enter Falſtaffe.*

Falſ. Well ſaid, *Hal*, to it, *Hal.* Nay, you ſhall finde no Boyes play heere, I can tell you.

Enter Dowglas: he fights with Falſtaffe, he fals downe as if he were dead, the Prince killeth Percy.

Hot. Oh *Harry*, thou haſt robd mee of my youth:
I better brooke the loſſe of brittle life,
Then thoſe proud Titles thou haſt won of mee,
They wound my thoughts worſe then the word my fleſh:

But

But thought's the ſlaue of life, and
And Time that takes ſuruey of all t
Muſt haue a ſtop. O, I could proph
But that the Earth, and cold hand o
Lies on my tongue: no *Percy*, thou
And food for

Prince. For Worms, braue *Percy*
Ill weau'd Ambition: how much
When that this body did containe
A Kingdome for it, was too ſmall a
But now two paces of the vileſt E
Is roome enough: this earth that
Beares not aliue ſo ſtout a Gentlem
If thou wert ſenſible of courteſie,
I ſhould not make ſo great a ſhew
But let my fauours hide thy mangle
And euen in thy behalfe, Ile thanke
For doing theſe faire rites of tender
Adieu, and take thy praiſe with thee
Thy ignomy ſleepe with thee in th
But not remembred in thy Epitaph

He ſpieth Falſtaffe on th

What, old acquaintance, could n
Keepe in a little life? poore *Iacke*, f
I could haue better ſpar'd a better m
O, I ſhould haue a heauy miſſe of th
If I were much in loue with vaniti
Death hath not ſtrooke ſo faire a D
Though many dearer in this bloody
Imboweld will I ſee thee by and by,
Till then, in blood by noble *Percy* lie

Falſtaffe riſeth

Falſ. Imboweld? if thou imbo
leane to powder me, and eate mee t
time to counterfeit, or that hot Te
ſcot and lot too. Counterfeit? I am
bee a counterfeit, for hee is but th
hath not the life of a man, but to co

K